

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVIII. No. 25

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

MARCH 18, 1928

Trapped in the Jungle

By Bert Morehouse

"**L**OOK, Charles," laughed Robert. "Puran has been chasing the waterbuck through the bamboos again, and has the smell of the jungle upon him."

Charles glanced in the direction his brother pointed, and saw Puran's mother scolding her small brown son in the chattering native tongue.

Robert and Charles Warren were American boys with their father in India. Mr. Warren was there on some business for the United States Government. Robert was a year older than his brother Charles, who was nearing twelve. Puran was the son of Gunga, Mr. Warren's personal attendant.

"His mother is right in warning him to stay away from the jungle," replied Charles. Then he added in defense of the little native boy: "But I wish I had his courage to get around and see more of this wonderful place now, while Dad is too busy to be with us."

"I don't think that it takes a great deal of courage," scoffed Robert, "to go a little way into the jungle in the daylight."

But Robert didn't know that naked brown boys, as a rule, did not go alone and unarmed into the thick bamboos. Too many things can happen to prevent their ever coming back again; too many silent, skulking things crawl in the long grass, or too many lithe, tawny creatures lurk in the dense thickets. Puran's mother, being a native, knew of these dangers, and that is why she was fearful and warned her son to stay away from the jungle. Puran, however, did not share his mother's fear, for he had been in the jungle many times, and had come safely out again, always with the same explanation why he had gone:

"I, thine own son," said Puran once

more, "some day will be a hunter of tigers, even as Warren Sahib."

"Nay, little one of mighty words," his mother laughed at him; "only the great sahibs that come from afar, like Warren Sahib, hunt the tiger."

With these words she gave him a final cuff of warning, and went back into the hut.

Robert and Charles now approached



"Robert jumped back very much frightened when he saw that it was Mugger, the crocodile."

Puran, who greeted them with a boyish grin.

"My mother fears that I will be torn to pieces in Nahar's claws," explained Puran.

"What is Nahar?" asked Charles.

"A great tiger, whose mate, Nahara, was killed by hunters only last week."

"Nothing to be afraid of in the daytime," scoffed Robert once more. "Some time I'm going into the jungle and get those great bell-like flowers with the strange perfume that I've heard about."

Puran sniffed the air with delight. The jungle had many smells. His bright eyes shone with eagerness at Robert's boasting words. Perhaps it was because he was always happy when the jungle closed about him. Somehow, instead of being afraid of the jungle as were many of the native boys, Puran seemed to understand and love it.

"Some day I show thee the sergeant of the jungle," he told Robert. He turned to Charles. "Also thy brother."

"I'd like to go," admitted Charles frankly; "but I'm afraid."

"The sergeant of the jungle?" questioned Robert with interest. "What do you mean?"

"It is the black Himalayan bear," explained Puran. "He wears a yellowish patch, just in front of his forelegs, like the chevron the soldiers have on their uniforms." But calling the bear a jungle sergeant was just his own idea, the natives in the village did not know the animal by that name.

"All right," assented Robert. "Any time you say, I'll go with you."

"Maybe soon," replied Puran indefinitely, as he ran off toward the village gate to get his father's cow from the meadow.

The brothers watched him until the thick foliage hid Puran from their sight. Charles was the first to speak.

"I don't think you ought to go into the jungle, Robert."

"Pooh!" scoffed his brother. "Who's afraid?"

"Something might happen to you, and Dad—"

"Tattletale!" interrupted Robert with a taunt.

"I'm not going to tell Dad," denied Charles. "He is too busy. Besides," he added hopefully, "you haven't gone yet."

Robert smiled but did not reply, and Charles silently followed him back to the richly-furnished bungalow, which was the

home of the Warrens while in the village.

The next morning Mr. Warren rode away with his personal attendant Gunja along an old elephant trail through a patch of thick jungle beside the Manipur River. A number of natives accompanied them on the trip which was to take them to another village several miles away.

That afternoon Robert met Puran by the big council tree in the center of the village.

"Let's take a hike into the jungle," suggested Robert. "I want to see what's there."

"Tomorrow I go with thee, perhaps," answered Puran. "My father is away with thine, and my mother is alone."

"'Fraid cat," sneered Robert. "I'll go by myself."

"Better not," warned Puran. "Thou dost not know the way — maybe get lost."

"Pooh!" scoffed Robert. "I've got eyes to see where I'm going, haven't I?"

Puran shrugged his small shoulders, bowed in obeisance, and went his way homeward to his mother's hut.

With a careless laugh Robert turned and went down the street that led out of the village toward the jungle. It was the same way his father had gone earlier in the day.

"You'd think I was a baby," he muttered, "and needed a nurse to take care of me." Then he straightened his shoulders and threw back his head. "I'm an American boy and can take care of myself!"

As Robert passed through the village gate and out along the road to the jungle, he did not see the gaudy birds that looked down from the tree branches at him. He was too busy with his own boastful thoughts. He would prove to Charles that there was nothing to be afraid of out here at this time of day. He didn't need Puran to show him the way. He could get along all right without the native boy. Soon he had passed beyond a patch of dwarf bamboos and tall jungle grass which extended out from the pasture before the village.

The afternoon hours went swiftly by and night was coming on when Charles, greatly excited, came running up to Puran as he was returning from the pasture with his father's cow.

"Where's Robert?" he demanded, almost out of breath.

"I know not," replied Puran quietly. Then he remembered. "Stay! When the sun was high I saw thy brother by the council tree. He spoke of going to the jungle."

" Didn't you go with him?"

"Nay. I could not today. I promised to go, maybe tomorrow. He would not wait." Then, after a silent pause: "Hast not thy brother returned?"

"No. I'm afraid something has hap-

pened to him. "What shall we do, Puran?" asked Charles anxiously.

Puran turned the cow back into the pasture.

"Come with me," he commanded. "We must hurry, for it will soon be night."

He did not speak of the fear that Nahar the tiger might have waylaid Robert somewhere in the jungle. But trotting in Oriental fashion he set off across the meadow, followed by the fearful Charles.

In the meantime, Robert, on his unguided hike, had been lured from place to place by the song of the weaver birds, and by various jungle sights which attracted his curious attention. At first he was filled with joyful wonder at all that he saw and heard as he wandered aimlessly into the fringe of the jungle. It was all so new and strange and wonderful and — harmless.

"Just woodsy things," he thought. "Different than at home, but nothing to be afraid of in the light."

So Robert walked on and on, zigzagging this way and that as the mood impelled him. Sometimes following trails, and sometimes shouldering his way through the shrubbery. He did not find the big bell-like flowers, although he hunted eagerly for them. He could not smell them. He did not know that their perfume was pungent and heavy only at night.

Suddenly he realized that it was not so sunny as it had been. He glanced up and saw that twilight was falling softly. Just for a moment he stood watching, gazing into the deep-blue dusk of the darker jungle. Then, fearful of something, he knew not what, Robert plunged headlong through the jungle in the direction he thought lay the village.

But the trails soon vanished into the shadow. The patches of deep gloom were relieved here and there by a bright leaf that reflected the last twilight rays. Some animal sniffed and rustled away in the thickets beside him. Robert did not stop to see what it was, but began to run. Soon he came to a shallow creek, and started to wade through it for a shortcut, as he thought, out of the jungle. Just as he put one foot in the water something writhed in the mud, and raised an ugly snout. Robert jumped back very much frightened when he saw that it was Mugger, the crocodile.

"Wish I was back in the village with Charles," he told himself. "I should have listened to Puran, too."

Robert turned and ran on. He came to a broad trail, which divided like a three-branched candlestick into narrow trails. He decided on the broader trail, but soon lost it in the darkness, stumbled over a creeper, and fell headfirst into a thorny thicket. The more he struggled, the more the long sharp spikes tore

through his clothes and into his flesh. He yelled with pain and fright. Then, breathless, he lay a prisoner in the jungle thicket.

A heavy body brushed through the creepers and a twig snapped under its foot. Robert called out for help, thinking one of the villagers had come to look for him. But there was no reply to his call. Only a spooky silence. He had a feeling that the creature, whatever it was, had not gone away, but was crouching down out there in the deep shadows. Robert lay still with fearfully beating heart for awhile, then shouted once more for help.

Puran with Charles by his side was running cautiously along the broad trail at the time. They had flaming torches which Puran had made of oily rushes at the edge of the meadow. He had lighted them with matches which he carried in his breechcloth. The boys stopped to listen.

"That's Robert," whispered Charles in eager excitement. "He's alive!"

The shout came again.

"This way," ordered Puran, leaving the trail and entering the shrubbery. Charles obediently followed him.

A hundred yards and Puran came to an abrupt halt. The flickering light dimly outlined a long tawny cat creeping through the bamboos.

"Nahar!" The word dropped noiselessly from Puran's lips. At the same time he caught sight of the imprisoned Robert, who was staring with fear-stricken eyes at the approaching tiger. Then he saw the beast crouch down ready to spring.

Charles saw all this, too. Puran gripped his arm to prevent an outcry. As yet the tiger had not seen them. Puran moved cautiously forward, still holding to Charles' arm. A hundred feet and they stopped dead still.

"Throw the torch at his head," Puran commanded under his breath. "Now!"

Puran's flaming brand was hurled with unerring aim into the eyes of the great tiger. Charles' fell short, striking the ground underneath the beast and setting fire to the dry grass.

With a snarl of pain the partly blinded tiger leaped to one side and out of the thicket. The boys could hear it crashing its way through the jungle.

Without a moment's delay Puran was at Robert's side, and, with Charles' assistance, soon had him released from the thorns. Puran would not let Robert talk, but, picking up the torches, the three boys hurried back along the trail and soon came to the gates of the village. There Puran left them to take home the cow. But not before Robert had had his say.

"Puran, you and Charles saved my life! I wish that I had listened to both of you. I've got more sense now."

The Sunlight Sisters

BY ALICE WETHERELL

Based on the Greek Myths

MANY hundreds of years ago in ancient Greece there lived three sisters and their father. Now their father was a doctor. He was, in fact, the first doctor in the story world.

When father Aesculapius most desired to please his little girls he told them stories all about their grandfather. For he was that marvelous Greek god, Apollo, whom so many worshipped for his beauty and his power. Apollo was god over many things, but the three girls liked best to hear of him as god of the Sun, for then he drove his chariot and fiery steeds across the sky each day.

"In fact, he makes the sun shine when he will," their father always ended his story.

This sounded wonderful to three bright little girls, for they, too, loved the sun. So they always coaxed their father, next, to tell them how he, too, carried on his father's work and used the sun to please himself.

Aesculapius with a happy smile then told them about the hospitals he had built.

"They are high on a hill where the sunshine will reach every nook and cranny. For every patient must have sunshine every day."

Many of these hospitals he had built in sunny places. And the cures he made were known throughout the country.

"When I grow up I'm going to cure sick people," said little Panacea, whose name in English would be Cure-All.

"How could you do it?" asked her doctor father. "I can't cure them all, you know."

"By the sunshine, just like you," said Panacea with confidence. "It will be many years before the world knows what the sunshine does, or what germs are. But we know it kills harmful germs. Yes, I'll use the sunshine more than you. I'll put the patients right outside."

Then up spoke the eldest daughter of the doctor. Her name was Hygeia, which means simply Health.

"My life, too," she said, "is to be spent in bringing health to people. But my methods may be different. I shall teach the people how to keep well so they won't need your cures."

"How will you do that?" asked the doctor doubtfully.

"Largely through sunshine, too," said Hygeia; "but I shall use it even more than you or Panacea. And I shall teach the people how to use it, too."

"Yes?" asked her father with a smile.

"I shall teach all people to sleep with their windows open, if they can't sleep in the open air. Then they will be breathing, as we know, the air the sun has washed clean during the day."



Taking a look around

"True," said the doctor.

"Then," continued Hygeia, "I shall teach them what to eat. Fruits and green things we know store up the sunshine. Yes, and even nuts, and everything that grows outdoors. It may be hundreds of years before the people know it is the sunshine that they eat that helps to keep them well. But I shall teach them to eat and like it first before I tell them why."

"You are a prophet," said Aesculapius. And the two little sisters gazed at their sister with admiring eyes.

"And what about wee Aegle?" They all turned to her.

"I," said little Aegle, whose name means really Brightness, "I shall do what neither of my sisters seems to think about. I shall make the people bright and happy."

"And what means will *you* use?"

"Only the sunshine," said little Aegle with a smile. "Can anyone be unhappy long with sunshine everywhere?"

"You are right," said Aesculapius.

Who's Afraid

BY J. MARTIN SMITH, JR.

"Whooo-ooo-ooo!"
Says the cold North Wind,
And the trees say "Whooo-o" too —
And the old black night
Like a goblin sprite
Says "Whooo-oo-o, it's you!"

So fasten tight the windows,
Carpet all the floor,
Shake up all the embers,
Double-lock the door;

Get a pot of porridge
And sip it, Little Maid,
And tell the cold old North Wind
"Whooo — whooo's afraid!"

"And yet I think all three of you will be needed if the children of the world are to be well and happy."

"Then let's go together out into the world," said all the three at once.

"Come first with me to help in my hospitals," said their wise doctor father.

So it was that Hygeia, Panacea and their smiling sister Aegle trained under their father, the first story doctor. And they trained so thoroughly in what good works the sun would do, that their three names have come down through the ages as guardians of health.

The Second Goodwill Project

BY THE EDITOR

The Committee on World Friendship among Children has announced its second "goodwill project." The spirit of this project is similar to that of the Doll Messengers of Friendship, of whom nearly thirteen thousand went to Japan during the winter of 1927.

It is proposed that Friendship School Bags be sent to the children of Mexico, each Bag to contain articles of interest and help in the school life of the children. The bags may be sent by day schools and Sunday schools, by individual classes, by special groups of all kinds, and also by individual children and by adults.

The Vice-Minister of Education has approved the project and will distribute the bags in the schools of Mexico, of which there are about 15,000 with 1,250,000 pupils. They will be distributed on Mexico's Independence Day, September 16, 1928, which day is universally observed in all public schools.

The cost of each Friendship Bag is \$1.75, which amount should accompany every order. The school or group participating in the project will add certain articles to be bought or made, and will send the bag by parcel post direct to Mexico City, the total cost being about \$2.50 a bag.

A pamphlet giving detailed instructions and suggestions will be sent to those who plan to share in the project.

The Committee believes that this Friendship School Bag project will give opportunity for interesting and educating our young people in the history of Mexico and its people, and for promoting a better understanding and feeling of goodwill between the two countries.

Lindbergh, the Goodwill magician, left in Mexico new feelings toward our country. The children and young folk of America can now carry on in a happy practical way.

All communications should be addressed to

COMMITTEE ON WORLD FRIENDSHIP

AMONG CHILDREN,

Mrs. Jeannette W. Emrich, *Secretary*,
289 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

601 HALL ST.,
MANCHESTER, N. H.

Dear Editor: I have been a member of the Beacon Club for several years and I am writing to tell you how much I enjoy your club and paper. I think the most interesting section is the Post Box. I love to write letters and like better still to receive them. I have made many friends through your Post Box. I have been corresponding with some of the girls for nearly two years. In this time we have become firm friends. I am still searching for more pen friends. I will add that I am fourteen years old and attend Manchester High School.

Awaiting letters, I am

An interested reader and letter writer,
FRANCES M. PAYNE.

25 ARLINGTON ST.,
LAWRENCE, MASS.

Dear Beacon Editor: I am very much interested in *The Beacon*. I am eleven years old. I should like very much to wear a pin. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Locke and our minister is Rev. William W. Locke.

My father bought me a new dog; he is brown and white; his name is "Nipper" because he nips.

I should like to correspond with some other children.

Yours truly,
MARY WIDDOP.

4 CHESTNUT ST.,
SALEM, MASS.

Dear Editor: I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club. My name is Jack Crandall. I go to the First Church Sunday School. My teacher's name is Miss G. Woodbury.

Yours truly,
JACK CRANDALL.

9 WALNUT ST.,
WARE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am a member of the Beacon Club but I lost my pin and would like another. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I go to the Unitarian Church. I like the story of "Wyman's Walking House" and the twisted things best. I am nine years old. I would like some one of my age to write to me.

Yours truly,
GRACE L. PERSON.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Airplane Model League of America

Evidence that young America is truly air-minded is shown by the rapid growth of The Airplane Model League of America, an organization of boys and girls interested in airplane-model building and flying.

Formed only a few months ago, the League now has a membership of more than 70,000 young people all interested in aviation and active in building and flying airplane models. Officers of the League include Commander Richard E. Byrd, North Pole flyer, honorary president; William B. Stout, vice-president and general manager of the Stout Metal Airplane Division, Ford Motor Company, president; Clarence D. Chamberlin, New York-to-Germany flyer, Major Thomas G. Lanphier, commander First Pursuit Squadron, Alvan McCauley, president of the Packard Motor Car Company, Eddie Stinson, president Stinson Aircraft Corporation, and Griffith Ogden Ellis, editor *The American Boy* magazine, vice-presidents; and Merrill Hamburg, airplane-model builder, secretary.

Membership in the League is free. Application for a free membership card and button may be made direct to the League headquarters, Second and Lafayette Boulevards, Detroit, Michigan.

The League, in cooperation with newspapers throughout the country, is conducting community airplane-model contests the winners of which will assemble in Detroit, June 29-30, for a national airplane-model tournament. Awards for the national tournament include the Mulvihill and Stout trophies, symbolic of the indoor and outdoor national championships, valuable cash prizes, and a free trip to Europe.

Other new members of our Club are Norma Jeane Roubinek, Chicago, Ill.; Ruth Peabody, Houlton, Me.; Jimmy Kelley, Chevy Chase, Md.; Robert Bartlett, Burlington, Vt.

New members in Massachusetts are,— Margaret Rand, Belmont; Galvin Matthews, Boston; Deborah Marston, Braintree; Gladys A. St. Cyr, Grafton; Muriel and Mildred Mowll, Kingston; Philip Moulton, Peabody; Tom Sanders, Salem; Richard Shuff, So. Duxbury.

Puzzlers

A Word Puzzle

(In working out this puzzle, arrange it like a Word Square.)

Across: 1. Workers. 2. Visual organs. 3. To harass. 4. Tranquillity.

Down: 1. What insects do. 2. What bass do. 3. A morsel, or small lunch. 4. What mad dogs do.

—Scattered Seeds.

Twisted Names of Countries

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. Pnsia. | 6. Wynrao. |
| 2. Cfena. | 7. Oedltnsa. |
| 3. Lhdnlao. | 8. Gedlnna. |
| 4. Acadana. | 9. Ewlsa. |
| 5. Ilbgmeu. | 10. Tyial. |

JEAN E. FARNSWORTH.

Winchester, Mass.

A Flower Diamond

1. A consonant.
2. To fondle.
3. Celebrated.
4. A kind of plant.
5. To esteem.
6. Young swine.
7. A vowel.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 23

May's Valentines.—Two.

Eastern State Puzzle.—	S	A	M	E
	S	L	A	P
	E	A	S	E
	W	A	S	P
	R	O	A	D
	C	O	C	K
	A	C	H	E
	C	L	U	E
	W	A	S	H
	W	E	E	K
	C	U	T	E
	B	I	T	E
	B	A	S	E

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 285 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

Printed in U. S. A.